







THE  
EPIGRAMS  
OF  
P. VIRGILIUS  
MARO, and others.

WITH  
The Praises of him and his Workes.

ALSO  
His Epitaphs composed by diuers illustrious persons.

*And lastly, the Arguments of his Workes.*

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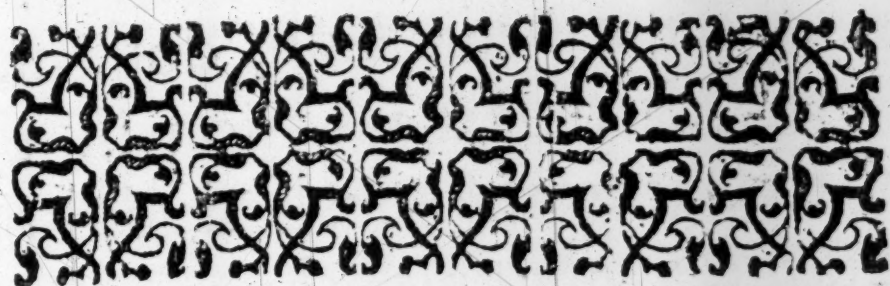
*Englisht by I. P. lover of Learning.*

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*Candidus à salibus suffusus felle refugi:  
Nulla venenato littera mista ioco est. Ouid. 2. Trist.*

LONDON,  
Printed by G. P. 1624.





TO THE MOST  
Flourishing and hopefull  
BRANCH of a most ancient  
and generous Stocke, NA-  
THANIEL GYRLIN, of  
the honourable Society of  
Lincolnes Inne  
*Esquire.*

**T**His Dedicatory custome  
(as *Lactantius* testifies) hath  
beene since the time of *Ju-*  
*piter*, and as I conceiue) will con-  
tinue during the time of *Iupiter*,  
that is, the Planet so called, the ra-  
ther for that a booke set forth  
A 3 with



## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

without a Dedication, doth intimate or raise a suspicion in the Reader, that the Author studies destitute (as one unworthy of a *Mecænas*. For which cause, when I had finished this Translation according to my slender skill and weak wit, whereof I may say with *Ouid*,

*Ingenium frégère meum mala, cuius  
& ante,*

*Fons infecundus, paruaque vena  
fuit.*

Musing with my selfe, to whose Patronage I might especially commend it, your noble worth worthy Sir, which way so soeuer I turn'd me, did still present it selfe to my unsetled mind, considering  
the

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

the generall fame of your pious inclination to vertue and good discipline (both which are copiously taught and exprest in these Epigrams) with detestation of the contrary. Yet (worthy Sir) more exactly weighing that Honourable course of life, wherein your settled industry (by no vicious exercise interrupted) hath proued so proficient, that diuers yeeres since you haue meritoriously attained the Worshipfull degree of Barrister (which is rare in a person so youthfull) and are growne old in wisdom, learning, and experience, I conceiued this pety Paper-present, as well for the difference of its subiect from the

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

matter of your practice, as in respect of my rude workmanship hereupon bestowed, to be farre beneath and come short of your illustrious merit. Howbeit *Plinie* saies, it was vsuall with Husband-men to make supplication vnto the Gods with Milke, and when they wanted Frankincense, to sacrifice with a Cake made of meale, water, and salt, which (as hee thought) was no lesse accepted then the most costly and odoriferous burnt-offerings.

Let therefore (worthy Sir) your nobly-disposed hart with a cheerefull benignitie, entertaine this gratefull and zealous oblation, how meane and vnmeet soeuer it is



*The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

is, from the hands of him that will not only pray for your health and prosperous proceedings, but endeavour to deserue your fauourable regard by all respectiue seruice in his power, and approue himselfe

A most dutifull declarer of your  
Honour-worthy Vertues,

*John Penkethman.*

the first of the great  
and the second of the great  
the third of the great  
the fourth of the great  
the fifth of the great  
the sixth of the great  
the seventh of the great  
the eighth of the great  
the ninth of the great  
the tenth of the great

the eleventh of the great  
the twelfth of the great  
the thirteenth of the great  
the fourteenth of the great  
the fifteenth of the great  
the sixteenth of the great  
the seventeenth of the great  
the eighteenth of the great  
the nineteenth of the great  
the twentieth of the great



Vpon my worthy Patrons Name,  
NATHANIEL.

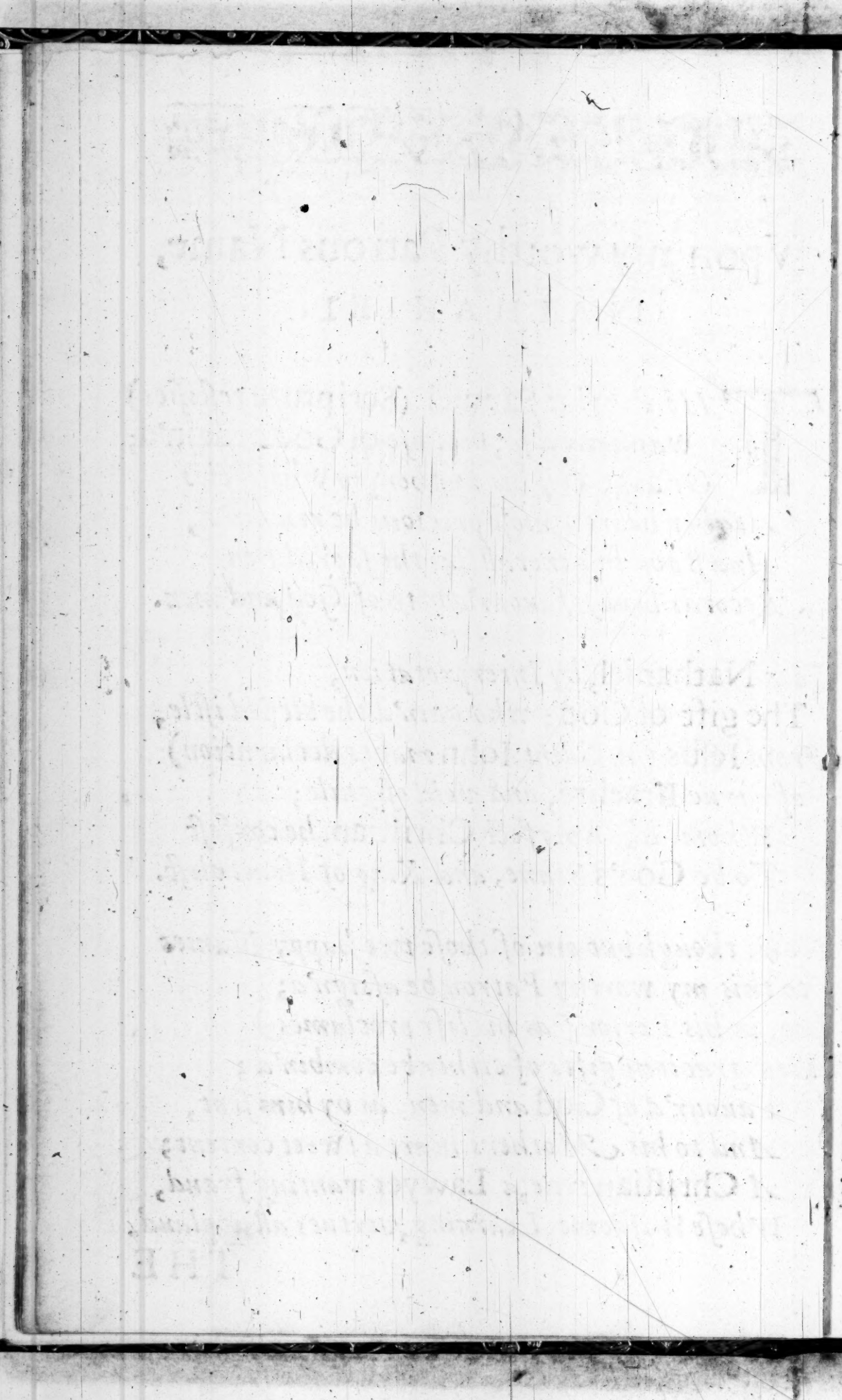
**T**He Prophet Samuel (*Scripture testifies*)  
Was named so, because of God ordain'd;  
Or asked by his mother, in whose eies  
(as to her heart) most precious he remain'd,  
And stood, in generall (as the sacred Pen  
Records him) fauour'd both of God and men.

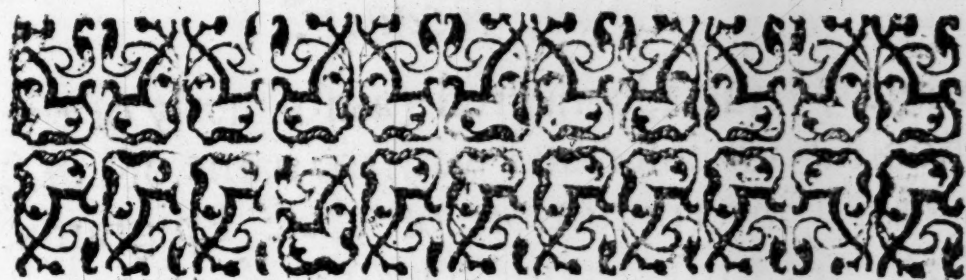
So is Nathaniel, by Interpretation,  
The gift of God; who gain'd the blessed istle,  
From Iesus (as Saint Iohn makes declaration)  
of a true Israelite, and void of guile;  
Whom, like a perfect Christian, he confest  
To be God's Sonne, and King of Israel blest.

Now, though but one of those two happy Names  
to this my worthy Patron be assign'd;  
Loe, in his Person (as his life proclames)  
most gracious gifts of either be combin'd;  
Fauour'd of God and men, as by him sent,  
And to his Mothers heart a sweet content;  
A Christian true, a Lawyer wanting fraud,  
Whose Wisdome, Learning, vertues all appland.

THE







The Translator to the ver-  
tuous-minded English Scholler,  
and the indifferent  
R E A D E R.

**M**Y Muse being not inclined (according to the custome of these times) to the inuention of scandalous or reprehensue Inuectiues, by way of Epigram or Satyre, either for the disgorging of my stomake against any, (though occasion doth excite mee to reprove many from whom I haue receiued insufferable iniuries) or otherwise to carpe at the notorious humours and vices of particular persons that neuer offended me, onely for ostentation of my wit; but rather desirous to spend my vacant houres, and imploy the poore portion of my little learning, generally for the good admonition and reformation of the vicious, and instruction of the ignorant,

## To the Reader.

norant, I haue aduentured (as formerly of the Schoole-book inscribed with the name of *Cato*) to make interpretation of these Epigrams, which (notwithstanding they were for the most part, the fruits of *Virgils* minority, being by him composed at his age of 15. yeeres, as I note in his life written by *Donatus*) doe containe such variety of good doctrine, and exquisite inuentions, that to me they seeme rather to haue beene brought forth in his Majority, when Learning, Iudgement and Wit in him were most mature, or else the greatest number of them to haue issued (as *Scaliger* and other Commentors conceiue) from the learned heads of more ancient Poets. And for that cause I haue punctually obserued the peculiar titles of these Epigrams as they stand in the last edition of the Latine, without addition or alteration of any Authors name, considering withall, that to know the workeman is not so materiall, or so much to be inquired and regarded, as the benefit and good vse of the worke it selfe: and as in meates the wholsomenesse is more to be wished then the toothsomenesse, so in bookes, the goodnesse of the matter is to bee preferred before the eloquence of the phrase.

But



## *To the Reader.*

But here some selfe-conceited *Grammarians*, being conditioned like the dog in the manger, neither willing to bestow their owne studies in translating such worke, nor permitting others, without a snarling reproofe, to performe that part, will peradventure tax and accuse me (as they haue done) of doing iniury to Learning, by making it so common, that now adaies they can discourse or deliuer nothing of worth out of Latine Writers, but the Hearer (though <sup>not</sup> ~~the~~ Latinist) is ready to take the tale by the end, as one that knowes already no lesse then themselves, and that Learning thereby is vilified, and daily groweth out of request with many, who when their sonnes haue spent some time at Schoole, to keepe them out of the durt (as they say) and from hurt and idlenesse, choose rather to binde them Apprentice to deceitfull trades, and mechanike handycrafts, then to place them in the Vniuersity, where with their yeeres they might increase in discipline, and consequently become good members of the Church or Common-wealth.

To these, I answer, that not onely in mine owne opinion, but by the approbation of impartiall (and those profound) Schollers, whose workes extant doe witnesse it, this custome of  
ttransla-

## *To the Reader.*

translating doth rather Right then Wrong to Learning. For the knowledge of good discipline ought not to be kept private or restrained, like treasure in a misers chest, in the possession of a few, but like the element of water, should be publike and vsfull for all men. And Parents by this meanes of translating, finding what excellent matters are comprized in Latine Authors, doe admire and fall in loue (as I may say) with the worth of Learning, and thereupon doe seeke to furnish their children with what they see wanting in themselves, hoping that the like fruit may be produced by their future studies, and that at length the Fathers obscure family may (as hath beene lately knowne, and some Latine Authors testifie) be ennobled by their sonnes aduancement. And thus hauing briefly and plainely, for the better vnderstanding of the vnlearned, yet I hope sufficiently apologized for this my translation, I leaue you to peruse it.

THE



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B.

THE

The Elements of Logic and

Method

By John Locke

Second Edition

Revised by the Author

London Printed by W. Baskin

at the Sign of the Sun in St. Dunstons Church

near Fleet Street 1689

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THE

Be





THE  
EPIGRAMS  
of VIRGIL,  
and others.

---

*The praise of the Garden.*

**F**rom greatest *Ioue*, ye Muses that doe spring,  
The Gardens praise, come helpe me all to sing,  
With wholsome food the hungry flesh it fills,  
And diuers fruits affords to him that tills:  
Sweet Pot-herbs, and of many kinds more deare,  
Delicious Grapes, and what the Trees doe beare:  
Nor does the Garden speciall pleasures want;  
But those it hath, with profits nothing scant;  
The murmuring glassie Brooke the same besets,  
Whose Seeds the furrōw-guided water wets:

## The Epigrams

With diuers-colour'd buds gay flowers abound,  
With gemmy glories garnishing the ground;  
The gainfull Bees with gentle noise doe hum,  
Flowers tops or new dewes gathering where they come;  
The fertile Vine, th'Elme her Yoke-fellow lades,  
And with her Branches th'others wouen shades,  
Faire-shady-sheltring Bowers the Trees doe yeeld vs,  
And their thicke boughs from *Phæbus* parching shield vs,  
Sweet sounds, the prating Birds abroad doe send,  
Their Songs, our Eares, alluring to attend;  
The Garden doth excite, deteine, feed, please,  
And our sad minds of heauy sorrowes ease,  
Brings vigour to our bodies, cheeres our sight,  
With fuller fauours doth our paines requite,  
And giues the trimmer manifold delight.

### 2. Of Wine and Women.

**L**Et not the loue of wine or women seize thee,  
For wine and women both alike disease thee:  
As *Venus* mars the strength, so *Bacchus* flowing,  
Workes weaknesse in our feet, and trips our Going.  
Mapy, their secrets through blinde Loue detect,  
And Drunkenesse doth worke the like effect,  
Fierce loue is often cause of deadly war,  
So copious Cups not seldome make vs iar.  
With fearefull fight, vile *Venus* wasted Troy,  
So *Bacchus*, thou the Lapithes didst destroy:  
In short, when either doth mans minde possesse,  
He's void of goodnesse, feare, and shamefastnesse.  
In bonds *Lyæus*, fettring *Venus*, binde,  
Least thou, i'th gifts of either damage finde:

## of Virgil, and others.

Wine slakes our thirst, Lust for creation serues,  
Beyond these bounds he suffers harme that swerues.

### 3. Of Enuie.

**E**Nuy, a poison of corrupting power,  
In wicked men (whose bosomes it conteine)  
The bones vntouch't, the marrow doth deuoure,  
And drinckes vp all their bloud through euery veine;  
For he that doth anothers Fortune spight,  
Becomes his owne Tormenter, as by right.

His heauy griefes, with Groanes he doth vnfold:  
He sighs, he frets, his Teeth together hits;  
Beholding what he hates, he sweats with cold,  
And from his euill mouth, blacke venim spits,  
His cie-lids a pale fearefull colour takes,  
And bare his Bones vnhappy leannessse makes.

To him, nor light, nor diet seemeth sweet,  
No drinke delights him, nor the taste of Wine,  
Though *Ioue* him selfe should deigne his lips to greet,  
With propination from his cup diuine.  
Or *Hebe* reach and serue the same vnto him,  
Or *Ganimede* with profer'd Nectar wooe him.

He neuer sleepe enioyes, or bosome-peace,  
That bloody Torturer his bowels vexeth,  
And mouing secret furies dorch increase,  
Flames of *Erynnis* that his heart perplexeth,  
And *Titius*-like, within him he doth finde,  
A vulture that doth rend and eat his minde.



## of Virgil, and others.

Close in his pining breast doth liue a wound,  
Which not the hand of *Chiron* can make sound:  
Nor *Phæbus*, or his Offspring most renownd.

### 4 Of the Syrens charmes.

Varietie of Songs and Heavy notes

Were wont to issue from the Syrens throtes:  
Their voyces and their warbling Mue did moue,  
All tunes that pleasant *Thymele* did loue:  
That which the Trumpet and hoarse Horne laments,  
That which the Pipe sounds with a thousand vents:  
What the light Reeds, or what sweet *Ædon* can,  
What the Harpe yeeldeth, or the dying Swan:  
Shipmen with measures musically prouokde,  
In fouds *Ionian* they haue often chokde.  
*Vlysses* great from *Sisiphus* descended  
Safely, by this Art onely, his defended:  
Subtly with wax his fellowes eares he shut,  
And his owne hands in manicles he put;  
The Rocks and dangerous shores his nauy past,  
And in the Sea themselues the Syrens cast.  
Thus flattring Notes and Songs he ouerwent,  
And rauishing Monsters into ruine sent.

### 5 Of the birth day of Asmenus.

**T**itan come forth with vnoffended light,  
And cheerfull Morne greet all with heauen bright.  
You young men also, kinde in heart and voice,  
With happy vowes this Holy day reioyce.

That

## The Epigrams

That it returning prosperous euery yeare,  
His children, gifts to him with ioy may beare,

### 6 Of Orpheus.

**T**He *Thracian* Poet with sweet Harpe is thought  
In sauage Beasts, milde motions to haue wrought,  
And stayd the waters, as they past along,  
The senslesse Rockes alluring with a song,  
And Trees attending such sweet-sounding Lays,  
Him, as they say, one shadow'd in his wayes:  
Yea more, he made, by pleasing speeches, milde,  
And ciuill, by lips learned, people wilde:  
To one Societie this *Cyrbheus* brought them,  
Polisht their Manners rude, and Iustice taught them.

### 7 Of Gaming.

**H**Ate Lucre, mad Desire doth deeply grieve:  
Old men flie Fraud; vnskill'd, the skill'd beleue.  
Gamesters, their mindes must with their money lay:  
Shun spightfull Strife, when thou art queld in play:  
Play ye secure that still haue coyne in store:  
Who comes in monyed, so departs no more.  
Couetous Gamesters goe by weeping Crosse:  
Good men loue peace; leaue Anger, hauing losse.  
No man in Game can euer luckie bee;  
Wrath make the Furies, Foure, at first but Three.  
Chastise thy raging spirits, true to play:  
Timely fly fighting, and put Ire away.

# The Epigrams

## 8 Of the Letter y.

**T**His Two-horn'd letter of *Pythagoras*  
Seemes to do denote, how Men their liues doe passe:  
Steepe on the Right hand, Vertues way is bent,  
Which at first sight hard entrance doth present,  
Yet giues the wearied Rest, when they attaine  
The highest Top: the left way broad and plaine  
Shewes a soft journey, but the bounds at last  
Captiu'd, by steepe Rockes, headlong all doe cast:  
For whosoere for Vertues loues endures,  
Both praise and honour to himselfe procures:  
But he that artlesse Luxury pursues,  
Or Sloth, and labour offerd doth refuse  
With inconsiderate minde, his time shall spend  
In shame and want, and reape a wretched end.

## 9 Of the 12. Labours of Hercules.

**C**Leone saw him first the Lion fell,  
Next *Lerna's* serpent, Shaft and fire did quell.  
After with life th'*Erymanthian* Bore did part,  
Which done, of golden hornes he rest the Harr.  
Those won, the Birds of *Stymphalus* he foild,  
Then th'*Amazonian* of her Belt he spoild.  
By seuenth toyle he purg'd a Stable full,  
By eighth, he triumpht in th'expulsed Bull.  
By ninth, both Horse and Master he confounded,  
For *Geryons* end, *Spaine* his tenth glory founded.  
Apples of Gold were his eleuenth gaines,  
And *Pluto's* Porter period of his paines.



of Virgil, and others.

12 *A good Man.*

**A** Wise good man, (where wisdomes God in many,  
Yea many thoulands hath found hardly any)  
Himselfe doth censure and search euery where,  
And what Repute with all sorts he doth beare:  
Round, like the World, abiding, and secure,  
Lest his plague Out-side blemish doe endure:  
He weighes in *Cancer*, when the day-light ends  
How farre the night in *Capricorne* extends.  
And with iust Ballance himselfe poyseth well,  
Lest either Cleft appeare or Angle swell;  
That all his parts may equally besit,  
And that the Plumbe line may not swerue a whit,  
He must be sollid all; no emptinesse,  
Let erring fingers force in him expresse.  
Let not his Eye lids be to sleepe inclinde,  
Ere he his daies whole actions call to minde;  
What he hath slipt, what done, in, out of season;  
Why this fact wanted comelinesse, that reason:  
What I haue past: why this opinion stood,  
Which for me to haue chang'd, it had beene good;  
Why pittying him that feels wants bitter smart,  
I suffered Griefe with an effeminate heart.  
Why would what I should not, and why gaine,  
Rather then goodnesse did I entertaine.  
Whether in Speech or Lookes harsh any knew me;  
Why Nature more then Learnings vertue drew me:  
Thus passing through, what he hath sayd and done;  
And, not long after Setting of the Sun,  
All things reuoluing, with the Bad offended,  
He giues the Palme to th' Good by him commended.

## *The Epigrams*

### *13 Of the ages of diuers living creatures.*

**T**He life of Man most commonly outweares,  
Being complete, fourescore and sixteene yeares:  
And these, nine times exceeds the pratling Crow;  
Yet doth the Hart that age foure times o're goe:  
And thrice his yeeres expirde, the Rauē dies:  
But those, the Phœnix nine times multiplies:  
Yet th'Hamadriades Nymphs, past compare,  
Breathe ninetimes longer then that Bird so rare.  
Those creatures vitall fates these bounds restraining,  
The rest God knowes, the secret Age ordaining.

*Some men set before them these two  
others.*

**A** Hedge three yeeres, a Dog, three hedges courses:  
A Horse, three Dogs; a Man out-liues three Horses.

### *14 Of the Muses inuentions.*

**C**Lio things done doth afterwards reherse,  
Melpomene shewes all in Tragicke verse.  
To wanton words her minde *Thalia* bends,  
Sweet sounds from hollow reeds *Euterpe* sends.  
*Terpsichore*, loue with Harpe moues, rules, augments.  
With songs, lookes, dances, *Erato* contents.

*Calliope*

## of Virgil, and others.

*Calliope* indites heroicke lines.

*Vrania* notes heauens motions, starres and signes.

Speaking with gesture *Polymneia* stands,

And figures all things with her learned hands.

These on all parts *Apollo's* vertue guides,

And he ith'midst, embracing all, abides.

### Of the same in prose.

*Clio*

*Melpomene*

*Thalia*

*Euterpe*

*Terpsichore*

*Erato*

*Calliope*

*Vrania*

*Polymneia.*

> inuented

[Histories.

Tragedies

Comedies.

Flutes and such like.

The Harpe.

Geometrie.

Letters.

Astrologic.

Rhetoricke.

### 15 Of our Image in the water.

Distichs varied 12. severall wayes.

<sup>1</sup>  
The looker sees his lookes in water cleare,  
As in an obiect-myrror they appeare.

<sup>2</sup>  
Pure formes from water to the sight doe passe,  
As from the splendour of a looking glasse.

<sup>3</sup>  
The fountaine represents our likenesse right,  
Such as the Steele-glasse, which is plaine and bright.



## The Epigrams

4

Still Waters, figures opposite, no lesse  
Then myrrours through their brightnesse, doe expresse,

5

Springs voyde of mud dissemble our Aspects,  
As each bright myrrors orbe the same reflects.

6

Cleare Water is the chrystall mirrors ape,  
For either to Spectators tels their shape.

7

Fountaines most cleare shew faces seeming true,  
Like Glasse, that women, for their dressing, view.

8

As the Beholders forme, Steele-glasses take,  
So Formes their Image in the water make.

9

Feign'd Shapes in Conduit-heads, the Right ingender,  
As to each face, the Glasse a face doth render.

10

The Spring vntroubled Shape for Shape doth yeeld,  
As Substance, Shadowes in a Glassie field.

11

Bodies in quiet Springs are seene againe:  
As Images appeare in Mirrors plaine.

12

The Viewer viewes himselfe in glassie Brookes,  
As in that brittle stufte, whereon he looks.

### 16 Of a River Frozen.

*Distichs varied 12. severall wayes.*

1

Where Ships did vse to plow, yok'd Oxen drew,  
When once hard Winter did the Waters glew.

## of Virgil, and others.

2

The Floud beares Wheels, where Shipmen sails did Strike  
So soone as Frost congeales it Marble-like.

3

Hardned with Winters cold, the Waters bore  
Waines drawne with Oxen, that Ships cut before.

4

To solid Ice the Riuer being chang'd,  
Indures the Wheele, where fleeting vessels rang'd.

5

The Carres, where Ships were wont, haue past the flood,  
Since, turn'd to Ice, like Marble it hath stood.

6

A road for Carres, where Ships did run, is made,  
With Frost the Waters being firmly laid.

7

In place of Ships the Trackt of Wheelles is found,  
Since Icy Winter the loose Waters bound.

8

Yok'd Oxen draw the Waine where Ships did reele,  
Winds hauing hardned Waues to beare the Wheele.

9

The Beast now drags where Mariners did sound,  
The Riuer being turn'd to massie ground.

10

The Streame with cold extreme now firme abiding,  
Beares vp the the Waine where Ships were lately riding.

11

Now sooner be the Waues by Boreas quaild,  
But we driue Oxen, where before we saild.

*By the Translatour to make up a dozen.*

Now Carters play their parts where Saylers acted,  
To a firme Stage, Frost hauing Waues contracted.

# The Epigrams

## 17 Of Iris or the Rainbow.

Distichs varied & 2. severall wayes.

I  
**I**ris in diuers hues her selfe arrayes,  
And flies with painted Bow through cloudy wayes,  
When Sol thercon hath cast his burning rayes.

2  
When *Phæbus* fills the clouds with radiant light,  
With diuers colours *Iris* comes in sight,  
Adorning heauen with her compasse bright.

3  
In clouds *Thaumantias* brightly shining raignes,  
From whence a pictured vaile Heauens vilage gaines,  
When once the Sunne a rainy showre attaines.

4  
The hot Suns light wet clouds no sooner weare,  
But many-figur'd *Iris* doth appeare,  
And therewith beautifies the welkin cleare.

5  
While Sunne and showrie clouds nought keeps asunder,  
The Raine doth sundry figures forme thereunder,  
Which we the Raine-bow call, and view with wonder.

6  
If to darke clouds the Sun his Beames obiect,  
And to the showre opposd their light reflect,  
Those clouds with colours are by *Iris* deckt.

7  
The Raine-bow girts the clouds with wondrous Art,  
Which *Phæbus* reaching on the aduerse part,  
Rare colours through the same doth subtly dart.

8 Where



## of Virgil, and others.

8

Where *Phæbus* with his Beames moyst clouds out-faceth,  
*Iris*, whom many a glorious colour graceth,  
With comely Orbe the cloudy skie embraceth.

9

On watry clouds if *Sol* his lustre throw,  
Then does the liquid humour shine below,  
And we behold a varie-figur'd Bow.

10

The gathering showre dissolu'd by *Phæbus* beames,  
*Iris*, so called in Greeke, thereunder streames,  
Decking heauens Cope with many-colour'd leames,

11

Colour'd is *Iris* through light vnder laid,  
Which of a showry cloud the Sun bath made,  
When with his Heate the Wet is ouer-swayd.

12

With light when *Sol* hath fill'd a rainy Cloud,  
Straight *Iris* like a semi-circle, bow'd,  
Shines forth with many-figur'd parts endow'd.

## 18 Of the rising of the Sun.

*Tetrastichs varied 12, severall wayes.*

1

**M**orne came from Sea, as vaild with Saffron bright,  
And on her two-wheeld Chariot blushing sat;  
The candent Orbe the pole bespred with light,  
And shining with cleare beames vp *Phæbus* gat.

2

Forth walks *Aurora* in a Rosie robe,  
Dying with orient light the Starry round:  
And *Sol* from *Tethis* lap, this Earthly globe,  
Comes to illumine with beames glory crown'd.

C

## The Epigrams

3

The golden Sun from th' Ocean raisd his head,  
And then through heauen the stars appeard no more:  
With reuerence to his brightnesse, darknesse fled,  
And light to all things did their hue restore.

4

The Earth by *Tithon's* ruddy-colour'd spouse,  
With rosie light is dide, and starry skie,  
When *Phæbus*, from the deepe his horse doth rowze,  
With fire wheeles, and makes the starres to flie.

5

Night, whom a veile of starres doth faire adorne,  
Returnes amaine perceiuing day to rise,  
And *Phæbus* in his golden chariot borne,  
Makes all things here seeme glorious in our eyes.

6

With rosie haire the golden Morne appeard,  
And Earth was moistned with an early dew,  
When *Sol* himselfe from *Tethis* bosome reard,  
With flaming visage, and eye-dazling hew.

7

*Titan* dispersing ore Seas, Earth, and Aire,  
His glistring light, now forth againe is ridden:  
The Starres forbear to shine with golden haire,  
And sable *Nox* her twinkling fires hath hidden.

8

*Sol* with his lustre from the Ocean-streames,  
Rearing his chariot, hath restor'd the day,  
And, by reducing his flammigerous beames,  
To heauen and earth, hath driuen the starres away.

9

The Skie faire *Memnon's* mother hauing dide,  
And with her rosie hands the Starres exile,  
Now from the Sea *Latona's* sonne is hy'd,  
Whose Orbe the day and aire hath reconcilde.

10 Blushing

## of Virgil, and others.

10

Blushing *Aurora* vsher'd *Phæbus* Carre,  
And he his Coursers from the Ocean brought,  
Whose rayes depelling each night-wandring Starre,  
Dayes restitution to all mankinde wrought.

11

Dayes charriot scarce had made the Welkin red;  
And new dewes topt the flowers, herbs, and weeds,  
When *Phæbus* left his louers warry bed,  
And Starres gaue place to his flame-bearing steeds.

12

*Titan*s faire daughter with Ambrosian weed,  
Her white feet shadowes, from the Sea ascended;  
Then with bright beames her Father doth proceed,  
Thence driuing darknesse, and Nights rule is ended.

## 19 Of the twelue celestiaall Signes.

*Hexastichs varied 12. severall wayes.*

1

THE Ram, the Bull with golden-horned head,  
The Brethren, and the Crabfish backwards tending;  
The Lion fierce, the Maid that did not wed,  
The Scales, the Scorpion with her taile offending,  
The Shooter, and the Goat with horny sure,  
The Water-powrer, and the Fishes mute.

2

Who *Helle*, who *Europa* carried soly,  
The Twins, the Shelfish, that *Alcides* quash't,  
The horrid king of Beasts, the Virgin holy,  
The Ballance iust, with Taile what deadly lasht,  
Old *Chiron*, *Capricorne*, the Lad, like raine,  
Ministring Water, and the Fishes twaine.

The



## The Epigrams

3

The first is *Aries*; next is *Taurus* plac't;  
Then *Gemini*; *Cancer* followes retrograde;  
The fifth is *Leo*; the sixth *Virgo* chaste;  
And after *Libra*, *Scorpius* doth invade;  
Yet *Sagittarius*, and *Caper* past,  
*Aquarius* comes, and *Pisces* at the last.

4

The chiefe all Ram-kinde, the Cowes mate succeeds,  
Two of one birth be third, the fourth Crabs feature:  
Lord of the Desert, she that neuer breeds,  
The poizer of all weights, the stinging creature,  
The Bow-arm'd Centaure, the Venerious beast.  
*Ioues* water-bearer, and the Friday-feast.

5

The crooked Ram-hornes, the Bulls threatning hookes,  
*Leda's* male issue, the Fish horneffe bringing,  
Great *Hercules* first prize, the beauteous lookes,  
The Weighing measure, and the Serpent stinging,  
The skilfull Archer, and the Winter signe,  
The *Trojan* boy, the Fishes lastly shine.

6

*Phryxus* transporter, *Ioue* with hornes disguise,  
His Twin-borne sonnes, the Crawler tropicall,  
The *Nemean* terrour, Maid immortalize:  
*Sol's* Weigh-houle, and whose Pricke inuenoms all,  
The Man halfe-Horse, the Starre with taile of fish,  
The Water-titled, and the Anglers dish.

7

The lecherous Weather, and th' vngelded Oxe,  
*Castor* and *Pollux*, and the Starre adust,  
*Nemea's* plague, Maids face, of *Lux* with *Nox*,  
Th' *Autumnian* equallizer, poysoning Thrust,  
*Phillyra's* monstrous birth, cause of Sea-stormes,  
The Riuer-giuer, and the Fishy formes.

## of Virgil, and others.

8

The flocks wooll-bearing Head, the Heifer stout,  
*Tyndaride*, *Alcides* crawling foe,  
Chiefe of wild Creatures, Virgin most deuour,  
The pendent paire, the Venomous piercing blow,  
*Saturnes* base issue, the Goate *Neptune*-growne,  
Faire *Ganymed*, two fishy Signes in one.

9

The Rams proportion, and the Bull vnbaited,  
The double Offspring, the Sea-fostred Crab,  
The Lions lookes, *Erygone* translated,  
The poyzing Yoke, the Taile with poysoning stab,  
Biformed *Chiron*, the Seas Horned creature,  
The chiefe Gods minion, and the Fishes feature.

10

The flocks horn'd Guide, another arm'd with horne,  
The Swan-got sonnes, the Crabs hot-burning armes,  
The club-feld Horrour, the Maid bringing corne,  
Meanes of true Measure, cause of Poysonous harmes,  
The wood-bred Archer, *Iupiters* milker-giuer,  
*Dencalions* waters, and two bred ith' Riuer.

11

Sire of the Sheepe, *Europa*'s worst well-willer,  
*Zetus* and sweet *Amphion*, Summer-bringer, |  
That seasons second signe, the Maid selfe-killer,  
The Haruest-entring starre, the Mortall stinger,  
The Shaft sore-wounded Huntsman, the Sea-goate,  
*Ioues* fauourite, and such as liue ith' More.

*By the Translatour, to make them even.*

The Signe ith' head, what alteration puts  
Ith' necke, Armes-guider, keeper of the Brest,  
Our hearts Free-holder, Lady of the Guts,  
Reines-ruler, where the Secrets are posselt,

C 3

The

## The Epigrams

The Gouvernour of Thighes, Knees' Constellation.  
Lord of the Legs, cause of the feets mutation.

### 20 The 4. seasons of the yeere.

*Tetrastichs varied 13. severall wayes.*

1

**E**Arth opes her wombe ith' Spring, and giues vs Flowers  
The fat field beares rich Eares in Sunny howers.  
The Grapes abounding Autumne brings to tunning,  
And Winter binds in Ice the Waters running.

2

The Spring, the cleare skie tempring, Frost confounds,  
But with *Sols* fires hot Summer chaps the grounds:  
Weake Heat with Haruest neighbouring Winter mixeth,  
And she the whitened Riuers hardly fixeth.

3

*Ver* paints the Meads with sundry colours gay,  
*Aestas* the soile with Corne-eares doth rray:  
*Autumnus* from the Vines their burden takes,  
And *Hycms* great with Snow the Welkin makes.

4

*Venus* in Spring-time flowry garlands weares,  
*Ceres* in Summer chiefly domineeres:  
*Bacchus* in Haruest beares a speciall sway,  
*Boreas* in Winter doth the Ruffin play.

5

Spring lastig, Herbes and Flowers *Tellus* yeelds,  
Summer brings fruitfull Crops to harrowed fields:  
Haruest from tender Vines affords vs fruite,  
Winter in White the Earth doth coldly sute.



of Virgil, and others.

6

New Spring the field with sweet flowres doth adorne,  
And plough-lands are made rough with Summer Corne,  
Must foaming Vessels doth in Autumne beate,  
And Winter-blasts from Trees the Leaues doe beate.

7

Wreathes knit of many a flowre the Spring allowes,  
With sheaues of Corne the Summer decks her browes:  
*Bacchus* in Autumne from the Vine is crown'd,  
Sad Winter sutes with Snow the mountaine-ground.

8

The Spring with splendent flowres the fields makes faire,  
Substance for Bread the Summer doth prepare:  
Sweet smels the Vineyard with Autumnall birth,  
But Winter freezes Flouds, robs Woods and Earth.

9

From Earth spring purple flowres ith' leauy Spring,  
The fields in Summer gifts of *Ceres* bring,  
In Haruest howres our Cups with *Bacchus* flow,  
Cold Winter Clothes our Mother Earth in now.

10

Th' aire waxeth warm ith' Spring when Southwinds blow  
Through heat Estiuall, Riuers lesser grow,  
Autumne, thy temper flowes with Nectar sweet,  
And showres of Snow in Winter Earth doe greet.

11

Flowres grace the Spring, nought drooping while it lasts,  
The fields with Corne abound through Summer blasts,  
The Vine to Elmes in Autumne loading cleaues,  
Hycmall rage Woods of their glory reaues.

12

Sweet Spring with flowers paints the grassie way,  
The sith-arm'd Goddesse corne in Summer stayes:  
Autumne for Must plumpe-swelling Grapes doth beare,  
*Sythonian* Snow makes Winter old appeare.

C 4

13 Th

## The Epigrams

3

The Spring stood fresh, girt with a flowry wreath,  
And Summer naked, a corne-crowne beneath,  
But *Autumne* stood with Grapes in baskets prest,  
And Icy Winter rough with hoary crest.

### 21 In honour of Augustus.

*By Virgil.*

ALL night it raines, ith' morne the Shewes appeare;  
*Cesar* with *Ioue* diuided rule doth beare.

*I these Verses did compose,  
But the praise another chose.*

So you, not for you, Birds knit slender peeces,  
So you, not for you, Cattell weare your fleeces,  
So you, not for you, Bees your Sweet prepare,  
So you, not for you, Oxen draw the Share.

### 22 Vpon the same Augustus.

*Ioue* in Heauen gouernes all:  
*Cesar* on this Earthly Ball.

### 23 Vpon Balista.

THIS Hill of Stones doth dead *Balista* hold:  
Both day and night now, Traueller, goe bold.

23 Vpon

of Virgil, and others.

24 Vpon a beauteous Boy.

Nature, what sex to giue thee, being in doubt,  
Of both well neere hath fram'd thee (faire) throughout

25 Vpon the Crow on Tarpeius.

*By an uncertaine Authour.*

L ong since vpon Mount Tarpey sat the Crow,  
She could not say, 'tis well, but shall be so.

26 Of Letters.

*By an uncertaine Authour.*

L etters the matter done explaine;  
That, the words marrow doth containe,  
The sight whereof quicke mindes doe gaine.

27 Vpon the death of three.

*Varied three wayes: by an uncertaine Authour.*

<sup>1</sup>  
A Bore, Snake, yong man, did one chance abide,  
By stroke, foot, sting, the Bore, Snake, yong man dide.

<sup>2</sup>  
A Youth, Hog, Serpent, doth lament, fret, hisse,  
Stung, stricken, bruizd, and life at once doe misse.

<sup>3</sup> The



## The Epigrams

Death at one time, a Snake, Youth, Bore doe mee, <sup>3</sup>  
The Bore, by wound; Youth, sting; and Snake, by feet.

*By the Translatour to make it more plaine.*

A Huntsman trod an Adder that him wounded,  
As he the Bore, so were all Three confounded.

### 28 Of Fortune.

*By Cælius Firminianus Simphosius.*

O Powerfull Chance, how changeable thou art,  
That stearnly claimst of Rule so great a part!  
Bad men thou raisest, and the Good o'rethrowest,  
Keeping no credit in what thou bestowest.  
Men vnderferuing Fortune makes renownd,  
And guiltlesse persons Fortune doth confound;  
The righteous Man with Pouertie she grieues,  
And who vnworthy be, with wealth relieues;  
Old she doth hugge, and yong men from her thrust,  
The times diuiding with a will vniust.  
To th'Bad she giues, what from the Good she takes,  
And neuer iudgeth true, nor difference makes,  
Fraile, faithlesse, and vnconstant as the winde,  
Slippery, light, foolish, and like *Cupid*, blinde,  
Not euer fauouring where she giues a Blessing,  
Nor whom she doth forsake, for aye oppressing.

### 29 Ofloue to Theotimus.

*By Qu. Catullus.*

MY heart is fled to *Theotime*, I feare,  
As it was wont; 'tis so, 't has refuge there:

Whar

## of Virgil, and others.

What if, to shew the fugitive respect,  
I had not him forbid, but to reiect?  
He goe in quest: yet he may me deteine:  
What should I doe? thy counsell, *Venus*, deigne.

### 30 Of Roscius his beautie.

*By the same Authour.*

**T**O greet *Aurora* rising while I chanced,  
Straight *Roscius* at my left hand was aduanced;  
May I, ye Gods, by speech, not lose your loue,  
The sight beneath was fairer then aboue.

### 31 To Phileros of loues power.

*By Valerius Edituus.*

**W**Hy bear'st thou *Phileros* a needlesse light?  
Lets goe; my brest with fire is fully bright;  
And that may vanish through winds raging power,  
Or from the Clouds a downe-right shining shower-  
But for this fire of *Venus*, there's no force,  
Except her selfe can quench or stop its course.

### 32 To Pamphila of an amorous extasie.

*By the same Authour.*

**W**hen *Pamphila*, my griefe I seeke to breake,  
What I would craue of thee, I cannot speake:  
Straight sweats my wretched heart, then double I  
My prayre and power; if mate, loue-rackd I die.

## *The Epigrams*

### *33 To Shepheards of Loues fire.*

*By Porcius Licinius.*

**K**eeperes of Sheepe and of their tender Frie,  
Fire seeke ye? hither come, a Fire am I:  
The whole wood, if I touch it, fir'd will be,  
And fir'd your Cattell all, all that I see.

### *34 Vpon a Thracian Boy.*

*By C. Iulius Cæsar or Germanicus Augustus.*

A Thracian Boy on Hebrus frozen playing,  
Broke with his weight the flood, like marble, stayings;  
And as in sinking downe full ill he sped,  
The slippery Test (alas) tooke off his head:  
Which when his mother found and vrn'd, quoth she,  
For fire, this bare I; the rest, drown'd to be.

### *35 The Tombe of Lucrece.*

*By Ouid.*

**I**N her chaste brest when *Lucrece* sheathd her blade,  
A bloody Torrent issuing, thus she said;  
My Spirit, before the Gods, my Blood, my Lord,  
Witnesse I did not to my Shame accord:  
In death, for me produc'd, theyle pleade right well,  
Th'one soard to Heauen, th'other sunke to hell.

### *36 Vpon Narcissus.*

*By an uncertaine Authour.*

**T**HIS is *Narcissus* whom the Well did moue,  
To over-much belife, yet worthy Loue:

The



## of Virgil, and others.

The Banke thou seest with moist grasse him doth nourish,  
That by the Spring (his Ruine) he may flourish.

### 37 Vpon three Shepheards. By Cytherius Sydonius.

A Sabine, Spartan, Laurentine, each of a different roote,  
Did Thirsis, Theon, Almo get at high Pelorus foote, (ioy  
The Sabine, Spartan, Laurentine, Vines, Plows, Swine did en-  
And Thirsis, Theon, Almo, was a stripling, yongster, boy,  
Which Thirsis, Theon, Almo then  
Sheepe, Kids, Goates vp did breed:  
And Thirsis, Theon, Almo vfd for musicke, voice, straw, reed:  
To Thirsis, Theon, Almo loue these Naïs, Nisa, Glauce shew'd,  
And Naïs, Nisa, Glauce there Lillies, Rose, Violets bestow'd

### 38 Of three Amazons fight. By the same Authour.

Alce, Hyppolite, Lyce (signall sounded)  
Oebalus, Teuthras, Donis sole confounded,  
Th' Arcadian, Grecian, Marsian, boy, youth, peere,  
To Ida, Epus, Doricles full deere,  
With sword, shaft, datt, ith' side, ith' guts, ith' face,  
On horse, foote, charriot, and thus ends the case.

### 39 Of an Hermaphrodite. By Pulex an ancient Poet.

WHile I my mothers pregnant wombe possesse,  
To know my sex the Gods she did request:  
A boy, quoth Sol; a girle, Mars; Iuno, neither;  
And being borne I was by nature either:

## The Epigrams

Then my death question'd; *Iuno* said, By sword:  
*Mars*, hang'd; *Sol*, drown'd: all, Fortune did afford.  
A tree the floud o're-shadowing I ascend;  
My sword and I thereon, did downwards tend:  
My foot stucke fast, my head being ouer-waterd:  
Male, female, neither, I was drown'd, hang'd, slaughter'd.

### 40 Of *Acis*.

**T**He bones of *Acis* in this Hill repose,  
Where a smooth Fountaine from the bottome flowes;  
Signes of the *Cyclops* furie these endure,  
Where fraies thy loue, (bright Nymph) and sorrow sure,  
But sith he perisht, he's well couer'd here,  
While dancing streames his endlesse name doe beare:  
Thus he abides whom Fame dead shall not ring,  
Whose cerule life glides through the liquid spring.

### 41 The Tombe of *Hector*.

**H***ector* his countries shield, stout'st youth of all,  
That was to *Troy* distressed another wall,  
Dyed by *Achilles* violent hand subdu'de,  
Which *Phrygian* hope and safetie did conclude;  
Him 'bout those walls his cruell Victor halde,  
Those which in his youth himselfe kept vnassailde.  
O what a sea of griefe did that day bring,  
To his wife, mother, and the good old king?  
But his unhappy Father bought for gold,  
And wailing laid him in this earthly mold.

## of Virgil, and others.

### 42 The Tombe of Achilles.

**A**chilles, Thetis sonne am I well knowne,  
Through valiant Acts and prowesse famous growne,  
I that so oft orethrew my foes in fight,  
And singly many thousands put to flight:  
Great *Hectors* fall my glory highest raisd,  
That many a time the *Grecian* powers craz'd;  
For which, by slaying him, reuenge I reap'd,  
And then my sword on *Troie* confusion heap'd:  
At length by trechery queld on hostile ground,  
Above the starres a conquerour I was cround.

### The praises of Virgil, and his workes.

#### 1 Virgil of himselfe.

**S**uch *Romans* as sweet *Homer* haue not read,  
By reading me, may be of either sped:  
His fields *Greece* doth admire, so large and fild,  
But lesse our ground appeares, yet fitly tild.  
The shepheard, plowman, souldier heres for thee;  
The *Greeks* haue each but one, I haue all three.

#### 2 Of Virgil.

##### By Alcinous.

**I**f *Homer* for no Poet you allow,  
Then *Maro* shall be First, the Second now,  
But from the Poets if you *Maro* seuer,  
Farre from the First the Second shall be euer.



## The Epigrams

### 3 Of Virgils Aeneids.

By Cornelius Gallus.

LEt vs (great *Cæsar*) in mirths time be sad,  
For onely *Virgils* losse, whom I lament.  
But he his *Aeneid* to be read forbad,  
Which must be so, if thou but giue consent.  
*Rome*, yea the world to thee their prayers turne,  
From fire to saue so many Captaines stories.  
Shall *Troy* againe with flames, (yet greater) burne?  
O make thy deeds read with *Italians* glories,  
And see him by a greater *Nuncius* deckt,  
For *Cæsars* mouth can more then Fates effect.

### 4 The Edict of Octavius Cæsar for the preservation of the Aeneid.

COuld then a voice peruerse that straight expire,  
Will a misdeed so dire? shalt then be firde?  
Shall learned *Maro's* noble Muse depart,  
(Ah worthlesse ill) and lost be wealthy Art?  
And can these eyes behold it? nor the flame  
His Honour spare, or saue lines worthy fame?  
*Phæbus* forbid it, and the Sisters nine:  
*Ceres* preuent it, and the God of Wine.  
In armes he was your Souldier, whose Pen fought;  
Your husbandman ith' countrey, for he taught,  
What vertues be in Summer and the Spring,  
What good doth Autumne and the Winter bring,  
New form'd the Fields, the Vine and Elme combin'd.  
Kept Sheepe, and vnto Bees their Hiue assign'd.  
Now these (if it be lawfull so to say)  
Did he deliuer to be cast away?

But

## of Virgil, and others.

But Lawes faith should be kept, the deads mans will;  
What ere it bids be done, we must fulfill.  
Yet rather let vs burst lawes reuerend power,  
Then see one day so many lines deuoure,  
So many lines congested day and night,  
Or dying words destroy his watching quite.  
If at his end prowd grieve this Errour wrought,  
If (witleffe what) he spake with wauering thought,  
Not willing, but compeld by pangs o' respent;  
Or his minde blinde through loathsome languishment:  
Shall therefore *Troy* be forc'd to view againe  
Her flaming Ruine, and a new complaine?  
Shall wretched *Dido's* wounds with fire be wounded?  
And shall a worke so sacred be confounded?  
And one mischieuous houre, with trecherous Error,  
To ashes turne so many fields of Terror?  
Come, ye sweet Muses, from your *Sylvan* caues,  
And quench these burning fires with flowing waues;  
And lest a Poets Muse being so renown'd,  
Should come to ruine, let the flame be drown'd.  
Famous i th' world, yet to himselfe ingrate,  
May *Maro* liue, his charge so obstinate  
Let vs controwle: In death he's satisfide,  
So shall his Verse eternally abide,  
The Muses all resounding, and his name,  
Crown'd with a deitie all Rome proclaime.  
May he be praisd and honour'd, may he please,  
Flourish, be often read, loue ioyn'd with these.

### Other Copies are thus.

Come, Muses, and vse all your waters here,  
To quench the fire, liue *Maro* euery-where.  
What he to th' whole world enuious (as ingrate)  
Both of himselfe and workes and after-Fate.

## The Epigrams

Growne hurtfull, had commanded, be't our part  
To countermand; being dead, he's pleas'd in heart.  
Yea rather let the Muses all resound  
His verse eternall, and his name renown'd,  
The people deifie, fade let him neuer,  
Still be perusde, delight, affected euer.

### 5 Of Virgils *Aeneid* preserved. By Sulpitius of Carthage.

THat greedy fire this volume should consume,  
Which sets *Aeneas* forth, t'was *Virgils* doome:  
*Tucca* and *Varius* nill, nor thou permit,  
(Great *Cesar*) and so sau'dst the *Latian* writ.  
Vnhappy *Troy* was like agen to fall,  
And with a second fire to perish all.

### 6 In praise of the *Aeneid*. By Ouid.

WAndring *Aeneas* lofty *Romes* beginning,  
No worke hath *Italy* more glory winning.

### 7 Of Virgils wanton writing. By Ouid to Augustus.

YEt happy he, whose Muse thy *Aeneid* bred,  
Armes and a man brought to a *Tyrian* bed,  
Yea in verse *Bucolicke*, before but yong,  
*Phyllis* and *Amarillys* loues he sung.

### 8 Of Virgil. By Christodorus.

AND, whom for Eloquence *Ausonias* chose  
Her fauourite, sweet Swan-like *Maro* flourish,

Whom



*of Virgil, and others.*

Whom with renowne at Rome where Tyber flowes,  
His country, as another Homer, nourisht.

*9 Vpon Virgil and his workes.*

*By Sextus Propertius in his 2. Booke,  
Elegy 24.*

Phœbus-fenc'd *Actium*, Virgil it delights,  
That he could sing, with *Cæsars* nauall fights.  
Who, with *Aeneas* conflicts, now restores  
The citie ruin'd on *Lauinian* shores.  
Ye Greecke and Latine writers backwards stand,  
Some greater worke then th'*Iliad* is in hand.  
Thou by *Galesus*, where Pines shading breed;  
*Thyrsis* and *Daphnis* singst with slender Reed:  
And how Ten apples could a Maid infect,  
And from the printed Teat a Kid select.  
He's blest that buyes loue at so deare a Rate;  
Though *Tityrus* doe sing to her ingrate:  
Blest *Corydon* that tempts *Alexis* chaste;  
The Husbandman his Lords delights to taste:  
Though wearied with his pipe to rest he layes him,  
The gentle *Hamadryades* doe praise him.  
The precepts of old *Hesiod* thou dost sing,  
What field yeelds corne, what vallyes grapes doe bring.  
As *Phœbus* if the learned Lute he take  
And play thereon, such Musicke thou dost make.

## The Epigrams

Here may I conclude his praises with two lines  
vpon his *Georgickes*, written by our most witty  
and famous Epigrammatist, Mr. *Iohn Owen*, late  
Fellow of New-Colledge in Oxford de-  
ceased: Thus Englished.

T Rim verses of Grounds Tillage, *Maro* writ,  
Who thereby tills the Readers fields and wit.

### Epitaphs vpon *Virgil*.

By diners illustrious persons.

1 *Palladius*.

H ERE am I couer'd, whose late rusticke pen,  
Through woods and fields came to the armes of men.

2 *Asclepiades*.

I *Maro* sung of *Mars*, a man, sheepe, corne:  
Buried in *Naples*, but in *Mantua* borne.

3 *Eusebius*.

Here *Virgil* lies, that pastures did reherse,  
Good husbandry and *Troian* warres in verse.

4 *Pompelianus*.

The Poet that sung battailes, fields and sheepe,  
Dy'd in *Calabria*, and here lies asleepe.

5 *Maximianus*.

*Virgil* by Verse, of cattell, grounds, and warres,  
Hath merited fame lasting like the starres.

6 *Vitalis*.

My verses, woods, grounds, warres; my place of birth,  
*Mantua*; name, *Virgil*; my graue, *Naples* earth.

7 *Basilus*.

Vnder this heape the Poet *Maro* lies,  
That woods, fields, warres, in verses beautifies.

8 *Asmodianus*

## of Virgil, and others.

8 *Asmodianus.*

The Shepheards Poet here vntimely prest,  
Country and combats I in verse exprest.

9 *Vouianus.*

Here lies wit-honour'd *Maro*, whose Muse came  
From woods to fields, from fields to *Mars* his game.

10 *Eugenius.*

Precepts I writ of Pasturage and tyllage,  
Then Armies, vntill Death of me made pillage.

11 *Iulianus.*

Here sleepeth *Virgil*, that in sweetest measures  
Vtter'd *Pan*, *Ceres*, and *Bellona's* pleasures.

12 *Hicafius.*

Shepheards and Plowmens cunning I that taught,  
And set forth fights, this Tombe am vnder brought.

*The same Authour vpon Virgils picture.*

*Maro*, thy Picture foyles the fatall dart,  
Whom Nature tooke, we see restor'd by Art.

*Another by the same Authour.*

So great a Poet fees no hurt by death,  
Whose Verses honour keepes him still in breath.

*Virgil, or another in his name.*

*Me Mantua*, *Brunduse*, *Naples*, bore, tooke, holds,  
Whose volume, pastures, plow-lands, armes, infolds.

*Vpon his Daphnis.*

*By an uncertaine Authour.*

In *Daphnis* wailing for thy *Flaccus* fate,  
With Gods, learn'd *Maro*, thou mak'st him a mate.

*By an uncertaine Authour.*

I Shepheard, Plowman, Horseman stout,

	did	
Pasture,	till,	out-stand,
my Goats,	my grounds,	my enemies,
with leaues,	with spade,	with hand.



## *The Epigrams*

Now seeing I haue before inserted an Epigram  
made by M. *John Owen*, giue me leaue in this  
place to annex his owne Epitaph, which is in-  
grauen in a plate of Brasse, and fixed vnder his  
monumentall Image, formed and erected by the  
most exquisite Artist, M. *Epiphanius Euesham*,  
within the Cathedrall Church of  
*Saint Paul,*

*thus Englished.*

Small was thy state and stature, which doe claime  
Small statue, through great lands thy small Booke flies,  
But small thine honour is not, nor thy fame,  
For greater wit then thine the world denies:  
Whom a small house, a great Church shelter giues,  
A Poet when he dies then truly liues.

## *The Arguments of Virgils workes.*

*viz.*

### *I. Monostichs of all his workes.*

He sings in sundry strifes the Shepheards Muse,  
Grounds tillage learnedly he shewes in measures,  
Teacheth to graft and plant without abuse.  
Beasts nurture next, and Pales with her treasures.  
Bees ordning then with honies gifts and pleasures.  
To Carthage comes Aeneas wandring farre,  
Reports the manner of the Trojan warre.

## of Virgil, and others.

The same Reporter shewes his proper courses:  
Death on her selfe loue-burnt *Eliza* forces.  
His fathers graue with sports *Aeneas* graces:  
Then Ghosts he visits and infernall places.  
He enters *Latium* and th'*Italian* bounds.  
Here *Turnus* from his rooffe warre-thundering sounds.  
A mother and young men her sonne lament,  
To death is *Lausus* and his father sent,  
Reneng'd *Camilla* by a speare extinct,  
With spirits infernall *Dannus* sonne is linkt.

### 2 *Tetrastichs* of his 4. Bookes of *Georgickes*.

What man in *Bucolicks*, and read how well  
In tillage and in vines, trees, plants, heards, bees,  
*Troyes* Poet was, *Tetrastichs* here shall tell:  
Each bookes contents, who viewes my writing, sees.

I

What makes Corne thriue he shewes, what wether's meet  
For Husbandmen the fields with ploughes to greet.  
How, casting seeds, he should manure the soyle,  
To reape much profit for his cost and toyle.

2

Earths tillage hitherto and season-skill,  
Now sings he vine-leaues and the virent hill:  
What places *Bacchus* and the vineyard sute,  
And th'*Oliue* branch that beares the chiefeest fruite.

3

*Pales* and Shepheards through the world renown'd,  
Ordring of cattell and grasse clothed ground,  
What soile to beasts or lambes we should assigne,  
All these our Poet shewes in verse diuine.

# The Epigrams

4

Then Realmes of dew-bred hony sweetly smelling,  
Bees bred in *Hybla* and their waxen dwelling,  
What flowres they sucke, with swarme collecting drifts,  
He shewes, and their moist combe, celestiall gifts.

## 3. Monostichs of his 12. Bookes of *Aeneids*.

I Th' first, *Aeneas* comes to th' *Lybian* Queene:  
Ith' second, be *Troyes* warres and ruine seene.  
The third, his wandring shewes, and buried fire:  
The fourth, *Eliza* vext with *Cupids* fire.  
Games in the fifth, and burning Ships appeare:  
Hell, in the sixth, is search'd, and Spirits there.  
To th' destin'd land the seventh *Aeneas* brings.  
Warres preparation th' eighth 'gainst foemen sings.  
They fight ith' ninth, whose Captaine is remote.  
*Mezentius* flies ith' tenth to *Charons* boate  
Ith' last but one, hard *Mars* a virgin spild,  
Ith' last, by armes diuine is *Turnus* kild.

## 4. Pentestichs of the same.

1

AT *Iuno's* suite winds *Aeole* setting free,  
To *Affricke* driues the *Troians* wandring fleet;  
*Ioues* words to *Venus* grieu'd a comfort be,  
*Dido* in *Carthage* doth *Aeneas* meet,  
*Cupid*, *Iulus* like her heart doth greet.

2

*Aeneas* mou'd warres, fortune doth relate,  
The horse, how guilefull *Greekes* with *Sinon* were.  
The citie ruin'd *Priams* wretched fate,

How



## of Virgil, and others.

How on his shoulders he through fire did beare  
His father, and did lose *Creusa* deare.

3

*Troy* false, with ships *Aeneas* runs his race,  
And a new citie doth in *Thrace* bestow,  
Whence vrg'd, in *Creet* another he doth place,  
Then dangers from *Helenus* he doth know,  
Flies the blinde *Cyclops*, layes his father low.

4

*Dido*, whom *Anne* perswadeth, *Cupid* fireth,  
She in a caue storme-forc'd her lusts fulfill,  
*Iarbas* *Iupiter* with praier tireth,  
*Aeneas* puts to Sea, as *Ioue* him wills,  
She rack'd with grieve and loue her life-bloud spills.

5

Fortune to *Sicily* him brings againe,  
Who to his fathers tombe great honour payes;  
*Iris* by fire begins his Nauies bane,  
There Mates he leaues, sad *Venus* prayer allayes  
*Neptune*, where sleepe ends *Palinurus* dayes.

6

The *Phrygian* treads in sacred *Cumæ*-towne,  
Desires an answer from the Prophetesse,  
Inhumes *Misenus*, to Dis then goes downe,  
His offspring there *Anchises* doth expresse,  
And how thenceforth to conquer all distresse.

7

Ith' end the *Troians* doe *Laurentum* see,  
Glad of peace granted, build in citie wise,  
Forth *Iuno* calls a night-borne Furie, she  
Makes warre betwixt them, and the *Latines* rise,  
*Turnus* with aide straight *Italy* supplies.

8

Violent warres *Aeneas* notes in hand,  
*Euander* wins to helpe him in the field,

And

## The Epigrams

And to his troops gaines all *Hetruria* land,  
*Venus* craues armes which *Mulciber* doth yeeld,  
With stout acts of his issue in a shield.

9

*Iris* from *Iuno* vnto *Turnus* hasteth,  
Rouzeth his heart, his Troopes he doth not stay:  
The *Troians* be besieg'd, their Ships fire wasteth.  
Two friends for night-warre their liues dearely pay;  
*Turnus* the Tents doth win, is driuen away.

10

*Ioue* calmes his wiues and daughters brawling spight,  
The *Troian* Worthy, fraught with ayde, arriues;  
*Rutilians* meet them, at the shore they fight:  
*Turnus* kills *Pallas*, out *Aeneas* driues  
(Losing the victor prowde) for one, two liues.

11

Due honour to the dead both parts commend,  
*Diomed* helpe to th' *Latines* doth deny,  
*Turnus* in words with *Drance* doth contend:  
*Aeneas* horse fore-sends, by th' way they trie  
*Camilla's* might; she flaine, her souldiers flie.

12

*Turnus* to contract with *Aeneas* grew,  
That, the *Rutilians* breake; faire *Venus* cures  
Her sonne, those queld their periur'd action rue.  
*Turnus* perforce *Aeneas* force endures;  
And his owne death by *Pallas* belt procures.

Of the Supply or addition to the twelue  
Bookes of the *Aeneids*.

Written by *Maphæus Vegius*.

**T***urnus* through fight no sooner leaues to liue,  
But his to th' Victor stoope & *Troy*-troops attending:  
Then

## of Virgil, and others.

Then worthy honour to the Gods they giue,  
To ioy, Sire, Sonne, and fellow-Souldiers bending,  
Mindfull of perils past; for *Turnus*, moane  
*Latinus* makes; his deare Sonnes funerall,  
And wretched Country by fire ouerthrowne,  
*Dawnus* laments: In mariage after all,  
And mirthfull *Hymens* bonds the king combines  
His daughter with *Æneae*; either nation  
Triumphs ith' league of peace; then he assigns  
Vnto a citie his wifes appellation.  
And lastly, while he reignes in pleasing rest,  
With heau'ns ioyes is by his mother blest.

## 5 Decastichs of the 12. Books of the *Æneids*, by *Quid*.

AS much as *Virgil* to rich *Homer* gaue,  
So much from *Quid* shall his *Virgil* haue.  
My selfe to set before thee neuer bent,  
In wit to follow thee I rest content.  
Thy Bookes chiefe Arguments I here vnfold,  
Lest any Ignorant should error hold.  
Ten verses of each one I haue composde,  
Where the whole *Æneid* they may view enclosde:  
Affirming on my credit, that I make  
These Titles not a line for Enuies sake.

I

Warre-fam'd *Æneas*, with the best a Mate  
In Goodnesse, prest by partiall *Juno*'s hate,  
For *Italy* on *Sicile*-billowes bound,  
Storme-driuen came at length to *Lybian* ground.  
And, with his friend vnwitting where they were,  
From *Venus* learn'd that *Dido* reigned there;  
Who, in a cloud her citie entring, found  
His waue-depriu'd Associates safe and sound.

And



## The Epigrams

And to the Queene most welcome, doth prepare  
Troys downfall at her bidding to declare.

2

All being silent, this heroicke wight  
Of Troy and his the fortunes doth recite,  
The trecherous *Greekes*, *Minerva's* feigned gifts,  
*Laocons* paine and *Sinons* cunning shifts:  
How he himselfe was warn'd by *Hector* sleeping,  
Troy next in flames, his country ruin'd, weeping.  
Then *Priams* euer-lamentable wrecke;  
By hand *Ascanius* taken, on his necke  
*Anchises*, but by fate *Creusa* reau'd  
In following, on the mount his mates receau'd.

3

How after Troy destroyd he left the place,  
And with a nauie first arriu'd at *Thrace*;  
Founded a citie, how the king did take  
*Polydors* life, and what *Apollo* spake,  
His voyage into *Crete*, thence call'd to Seas,  
By new fates driuen to the *Strophades*.  
The charge of foule *Celene*, *Harpies* flight,  
How he *Helenus* left that warn'd him right:  
Freed *Achemenides* from *Cyclops* awe,  
At *Drepanum* interr'd his father saw.

4

But now Loues grieuous fire the Queene hath seiz'd,  
Who, by her sister led, to yeeld is pleas'd,  
The Gods with gifts they loade and sacrifice.  
*Venus* a secret league in hunting ties.  
It spreads abroad; for flight *Aeneas* then  
From *Ioue* enioyn'd, prepares both ships and men;  
Which amorous *Dido* finding, wooes their stay,  
Yet not preuailing where fates call away,  
A wood-fire built ascends, and speakes her last,  
Then wounded sore, her life awaydoth cast.

## of Virgil, and others.

5

*Aeneas* borne to *Sicily*, the Ghost  
Of dead *Anchises* celebrates, his Oast  
*Acetes* with him orders Games for prize,  
A Shaft, to all prodigious, burning flies;  
*Iris* in old wiues habit *Beroe* seemes,  
His nauie fires, that sudden raine redeemes.  
In sleepe his father shewes warres to betide him,  
And to the court of *Pluto* who shall guide him:  
Fight-flying men and matrons left intown'd,  
*Aeneas* mournes for *Palinurus* drown'd.

6

With *Sybils* answer he from *Cume* came,  
Buryed *Misenus*, gaue a hill the name.  
The Branch he plucks, the gods appeas'd, he venters,  
And with th'old Prophetesse hells Entrie enters,  
Knowes *Palinurus*, comforts *Dido* there,  
Much wounded then *Deiphobus* doth appeare;  
Learnes the Ghosts penance from *Sybilla's* tale,  
And meets *Anchises* in a virent vale,  
Who shewes to him his Progenies estates,  
Which done, from thence returnes he to his mates.

7

His Nurse he buries, and to Sea he goes,  
Comes to *Laurentum*, this the Land he knowes,  
By his sonnes speeches, destin'd: Looke, saith he,  
We feed from Tables; By lot chosen be  
A hundred Orators, who sent to craue  
The kings good will, that, with his daughter haue.  
Through *Iuno's* wrath *Alecto* breakes the twist,  
In words they iarre, though pious Fates resist.  
A heart *Ascanius* wounds, which warre begets,  
Nations prepare to ioyne, youth fighting frets.

## The Epigrams

8

From *Laurent* castle *Turnus* warre dorch spread;  
And greets by *Venulus* great *Diomed*:  
Who ayd requires, and shewes a reason why,  
To king *Euander* fled from *Arcady*,  
That new realme seekes, God warn'd *Aeneas* goes,  
Whose sonne and troopes he gaines to his dispose.  
*Pallas* ill-fated him consorts to fighting,  
Who strengthned now in's mothers gifts delighting  
Ith' shield, where Captaines fates and fortunes shine,  
And of his offspring, notes the worke diuine.

9

And while these things were done on either side,  
*Turnus* from *Inno* warn'd to battaile, hy'd.  
The *Troians* ships, which his dart fire to burne,  
To forme of Sea-Nymphs doth *Ioues* power turne.  
Ill speeds th' attempt of *Nisus* and his friend:  
They fight, the *Troians*, Tents and Vale defend.  
Bold *Remulus* by faire *Iulus* fell.  
Way's forc'd, two brothers *Turnus* turnes to hell.  
Yea many a *Troian* by his hand expires,  
Then to his owne pauillions tyr'd retires.

10

*Ioue* touching these affaires a Councell calls,  
*Turnus* his part meane time begirt the walls.  
Noble *Aeneas* many a thousand brings,  
*Mars* calls, and th' aire with all their forces rings,  
*Pallas* drops downe at mighty *Turnus* feet,  
Captaines and people namelesse death doe meet.  
*Inno* drawes *Turnus* from these martiall bands,  
*Mezentius* rescude, stiffe *Aeneas* stands,  
Whose conquering hand ends *Lausus*: and that deed,  
*Mezentius*, to reuenge, as ill doth speed.

11

To *Mars*, *Aeneas* yeelds a Trophy wonne,  
And to *Euander* sends his slaughter'd sonne:



## of Virgil, and others.

Then giues the *Latines* funerall right and space;  
A fathers loue *Euander* shewes in place;  
The dead diuided they prepare for vñes;  
With armes-denyall *Venulus* returnes.  
*Dyances* and *Turnus* (peace *Latinus* crying)  
Each other taunt; in wait *Aeneas* lying.  
More warres; the *Troians* win, *Camilla* slaine,  
All threaten till each part their *Tents* attaine.

12

Now *Turnus*, with crosse warres the *Latines* tyr'd,  
Will single fight, peace by the king desir'd,  
His part must yeeld thats conquer'd, they conclude,  
*Iuturna*, *Turnus* sister doth delude,  
*Camertes* turn'd, and moues the troopes to fight,  
One stayes *Aeneas* with an arrowes flight:  
Whose care his sonne preserues, the Towne he takes:  
Hanging her selfe loath'd life the Queene forsakes:  
With Troops the Champions sent'd, in Martiall strife,  
*Aeneas* takes from *Turnus* armes and life.

FINIS.

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